

POSTSCRIPT TO THE JAMBOREE

Memories of a young United Nations

Vanished are the tents from Sutton Park. No longer do the massed flags of the nations fly there proudly in rainbow array. The aroma of wood smoke from camp fire has dispersed, bearing with it the ring of marching feet and the strains of brass band, steel band, folk song, and Negro spiritual. The Scouts have folded their tents and departed. Only the memories of the Jamboree remain. But what memories they are!

SUTTON PARK has seen the Roman invader at work, building the ancient highway still visible to this day. It has echoed the fanfares and "halloos" of royal huntsmen, Saxon and Norman alike, as they rode here through the woods and over the moorland.

But no event, no spectacle, in the long history of Sutton Park has been of more significance than the Jubilee Jamboree of more than 34,000 Scouts from 85 countries.

Within these 2400 acres, the youth of the world lived in brotherhood and good neighbourhood. France dwelt side by side with Austria and India; Canada rubbed shoulders with Libya, North Borneo, and Switzerland; Belgium and South Africa, Denmark and British Guiana, Sarawak and Israel—all were here on good Warwickshire earth, and all were friends.

PASSPORT—GOODWILL

Their frontiers here were ropes marking off the compounds, but acting as no barrier and, indeed, encouraging free access. The only passport was goodwill, and not even our English weather could mar that.

Here was a world of truly united nations, mingling with each other, learning of each other's country and customs, exchanging souvenirs, tasting national dishes—coffee from beans flown over specially from

Wee MaCalifornian



A wee piper, all the way from California, has arrived to compete in the Highland Games next month. He is nine-year-old Steven Harrison of Heyward.

Brazil, mint tea from Japan, roast pork at a Canadian barbecue.

More impressive and fascinating, perhaps, than any of the lavish massed displays in the arena, was this informal friendliness of international youth; the friendliness of Boy Scouts who had won their places there by competition, and had worked and saved so that they could make the journey from all quarters of the world.

There was 16-year-old Vere Murdoch, for instance. He had spent his holidays working in a refrigeration factory to raise the money for the trip with the New Zealand contingent of 150, and he will not be returning until the middle of October.

SCHOOL AT SEA

What struck him most on arrival was all the stone and brick houses huddled together. "We have nothing like that in New Zealand," he said. "Nearly all our houses are made of wood and they stand in big gardens."

Like all the others, Vere had to be a first-class Scout to qualify for the trip. He was faced, too, not only with the problem of the expense, but also the time it would take out of the school year because of the long boat voyage each way.

Fortunately—at least from the point of view of the exams that have to be taken at the end of the year—two of the scoutmasters in the party were schoolmasters. A regular curriculum of lessons was arranged on the boat coming over, and after dispersing from the Jamboree for a few days' holiday as guests with private families in Scotland, the New Zealanders were returning to school under canvas at Gilwell until their boat leaves.

JOURNEY BY JEEP

Three assistant scoutmasters solved the travel problem by persuading a car manufacturer to let them have a jeep in which they could do a road endurance test from Brazil up through the African continent and across Europe to Britain. They are returning the same way.

The rest of the Brazil party, travelling by boat, included an English boy, John Downey. He was born in Brazil and was making his first visit to Britain. As a



result of what he had been told by his parents everything was much as he expected, except the deluge of rain which flooded him out of his tent in the middle of the night. He was in the sector that had to be evacuated.

John, therefore, interpreted the impressions of a Brazilian companion, Paulo Maldonado de Botelho, who was very much a man for his food.

"We like eating in Brazil," he said. "We eat much because there is plenty of taste in our food. The English cannot eat much because their food has no taste—not enough spice and condiments." (Some of us might shudder at the thought of what English lads could eat if their food had "enough spice.")

HITCH-HIKER

"The other thing I notice is your streets so narrow and close together, and your fields like pocket handkerchiefs," Paulo added. "But no matter how small, they are all being cultivated. In Brazil we have so much space. Everything is open and wide, and as there is plenty of land, we have no intensive cultivation."

One 16-year-old Belgian boy reduced his cost of travelling to that of the sea-crossing, for he hitch-hiked the rest of the way. But his lift in Britain, given him by a lorry driver, caused him considerable anxiety, however, because the lorry would keep to the left-hand side of the road!

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Harvest home in Somerset

Bringing home the sheaves—and not forgetting the miniature poodle—on a farm at Sandford, near Axbridge, in Somerset.

YOUNG BOOK BARGAINERS

The East African Literature Bureau has four travelling shops to take books to Africans who could not otherwise buy them.

Miss Barbara Mullane, one of the officers of the Bureau, recently sold 3000 books in this way during a ten-day tour of the Masaka district of Buganda.

Selling books in this way is not without its adventures. Much of the journey was along narrow hill-tracks, and twice Miss Mullane camped in the path of lions. Children often walked long distances to meet the travelling bookshop, and when it came to buying books they were hard bargainers.

HIS HOLIDAY TASK

The headmaster of the Mayflower Junior School, Leicester, is making a holiday trip to the Iceland fishing grounds in the Grimsby trawler, Northern Prince.

The 480 children of his school have adopted this trawler and the Head (Mr. F. T. Oram) is making the voyage so that he can tell the school about life on board.

THE VIKING'S 73 YEARS AT SEA

Able-seaman Markus Pettersen of Kragerø, Norway, does not claim to be the world's oldest active seaman. But he probably is, for he is nearly 87 and can look back on 73 years as a sailor.

Markus Pettersen went to sea as a boy of 14 on a Norwegian barque, and for 46 years sailed on the high seas. In 1930 he "settled down" nearer home, and today he is a valued member of the crew of a freighter which plies around Norway's rugged coast. For some years an American citizen, he was torpedoed five times during the First World War.

BEATING THE BRACKEN

Bracken infests the land of thousands of Scottish farmers. There are few weeds so tough, for the depth of its roots is three times greater than its height above ground.

Now a new chemical is being tried which, it is claimed, kills the bracken by penetrating right down to the roots. Near Moffat, in Dumfriesshire, a bracken-infested area has just been sprayed with the new chemical from a low-flying helicopter and the results will be watched with keen interest by farmers all over Scotland. For if they are successful big areas will be freed for cultivation.

MERDEKA DAY IN MALAYA

New junior partner in the British Commonwealth

August 31 will be an historic day for Malaya. It will be Merdeka Day, the Day of Independence, and the Duke of Gloucester will be at Kuala Lumpur to represent the Queen at the celebrations. Henceforth the

Federation of Malaya will share equal political status with the nine other sovereign States of the Commonwealth—Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Ghana.

THE Queen will no longer be Sovereign of Malaya, though the Federation will recognise her as Head of the Commonwealth. Within the new Federation itself there will be a Supreme Head or Paramount Ruler, the first to hold

which form the multi-racial Federation.

This word "multi-racial" must be stressed. Malaya, that tongue of land dividing the China Sea from the Straits of Malacca, was originally the home of the Malays, ruled with the feudal splendour of kings.

Frequently these Malay kings were at war with each other, and before Britain took a hand about 80 years ago a state of anarchy prevailed in parts of the peninsula. But gradually, as law and order were introduced, vast numbers of immigrants from the north settled in the lovely land.

Today, of just over six million inhabitants, three million are native Malays, 2.3 million are Chinese, 700,000 are Indians and Pakistanis; there are also 90,000 Eurasians and people of other races. To weld these different racial and religious groups into one family was the task begun by Britain when, in 1948, the eleven separate parts were linked in the Federation.

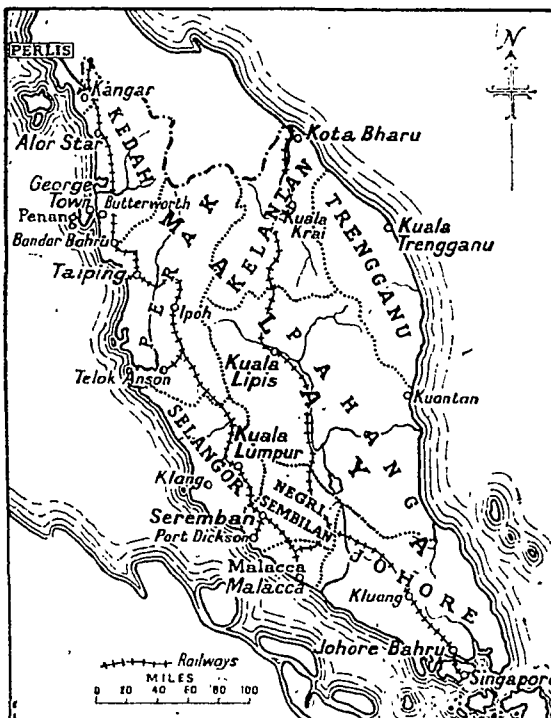
Independence has come as a result of British sympathy with the Malays' deep yearning for self-government. Some progress was made in the pre-war years, when Indians and Chinese began to take their places on various State councils.

In 1946 Britain made it clear that "all those who have made the country their homeland should share in the development of its political and cultural institutions."

Three years after the Federation was founded in 1948 a "Ministerial" system was devised. In 1953 a Speaker began to

preside over the Legislative Council, or single-chamber Parliament. In 1955 a new federal constitution was drawn up, transferring to the elected representatives of the people most of the responsibility for government. Early in 1956 a London conference paved the way for independence, setting up an independent commission under Lord Reid to find how self-government could best be achieved.

With certain changes the commission's findings were accepted. Even the tricky religious and citizenship questions were settled. Islam is proclaimed the State religion. Every Federation citizen will also be a Commonwealth citizen. But one exception is made. A section of the people is still proud of its name—The Queen's Chinese, who live in the former Settlements of Penang and Malacca. As they have 150-year-old links with Britain, they can retain their status as citizens of the United Kingdom.



The nine States and two Settlements in the Federation of Malaya. (Singapore is a separate Crown Colony.) See also pictures on page 5.



The ruler of Negri Sembilan, elected Head of independent Malaya, signing the agreement ending British rule.

this title and office being Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, the ruler of the State of Negri Sembilan.

Elected for five years by the sultans of Malaya, the Supreme Head will run the country with a two-chamber Parliament—a Senate and a House of Representatives.

KUALA LUMPUR IS THE CAPITAL

The national flag of a country tells us a good deal about its people. The picturesque flag of Malaya has eleven horizontal red and white stripes, a yellow eleven-pointed star, and a yellow crescent on a blue ground. Yellow is the Royal colour representing the Sultans of the Malay States. Red, white, and blue, of course, symbolise the Federation's partnership with Britain and the Commonwealth.

As you may have guessed, the eleven stripes and the star's eleven points express the unity of the two "Settlements" and the nine States

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT MALAYA

THE first European settlers in Malaya were the Portuguese, who in 1511 conquered the Malay kingdom of Malacca. The Dutch took it from them in 1641. The British came next, leasing Penang from the Malays in 1786, and in 1824 receiving Malacca from the Dutch in exchange for Bencoolen in Sumatra.

THE Federated Malay States came into existence in 1897. They were a combination—formed under British protection—of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan, and Pahang. In 1909 Kedah, Kelantan, Trengganu, and Perlis also came under British protection, and with the southern State of Johore, which accepted a British Adviser in 1914, became known as the Unfederated Malay States. In February 1948

these nine States, together with the two British settlements of Malacca and Penang, became the Federation of Malaya, which now becomes self-governing.

THE climate of Malaya is the same all the year round—wet and warm. During the hottest part of the day the average temperature is 90 degrees Fahrenheit. At night it falls to between 70 and 80 degrees, but it feels hotter because of the humid atmosphere.

IN the trackless forests that cover four-fifths of Malaya, the tops of the trees form an evergreen roof shutting out the light. Curtains of creeper fall to the undergrowth, making a jungle so dense that a man standing up is invisible at 25 yards. Wild life abounds. There are tigers, panthers, leopards, honey

bears, monkeys, and many other kinds of animals, as well as birds and insects—and plenty of snakes. In these "green mansions" torrential rain falls nearly every day.

THE health of the Malay people is better than that in most Asian countries, and they are free from cholera, smallpox, and plague. The bigger towns and many of the smaller ones, too, are also free from malaria. Travellers have to produce an international certificate of vaccination which is not more than three years old.

THERE are 1027 miles of railways, run by the Government. Railway headquarters are at Kuala Lumpur, the Capital. The main line runs from Singapore to Prai, opposite Penang Island, a distance of 493 miles, and from Prai inter-

News from Everywhere

The first of London's new underground trains with all-aluminium bodywork comes into service on the Piccadilly line next month.

The South African Youth Hostel Association plans to build a chain of hostels from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo.

The band of the Irish Guards are to make a 15-week tour of Australia in the autumn.

SERMON WHILE YOU WAIT

A church now being built at Carlton, Nottingham, is to have an outside pulpit opposite a bus stop.

A piece of stone from the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds has been flown across the Atlantic to be incorporated in St. Edmund's School, Pittsburgh.

Metropolitan-Vickers of Manchester have received a £4,400,000 order for a power station from the State Electricity Commission of Victoria, Australia.

The first bird sanctuary in Canada's far north is to be established on Baffin Island. It will cover the most important breeding place of the blue goose and snow goose.

The Norwegian composer Harald Saeverud has been asked to write a symphony to mark the centenary of the State of Minnesota next year.

THE ONLY TIME

Mr. Alfred Tennant, a postman of Shipdham, Norfolk, was never once late during 33 years of service. But on his way to receive the Imperial Service Medal to mark his retirement, a pedal came off his bicycle—and he was late.

Britain's fourth atomic power station is to be built on the banks of Lake Trawsfynydd, Merioneth.

A Lowestoft shopkeeper recently found a rhinoceros beetle, nearly three inches long, in a crate of bananas from Jamaica.

A penguin rookery with at least 12,000 breeding penguins has been discovered in a cluster of icebergs 25 miles from Mawson base. This is the eighth known rookery on the Antarctic continent.

The Youth Theatre, founded last year in London, is to launch a Northern branch on September 7, when London boys will present Henry IV, Part II at Manchester in the Arthur Worthington Hall. Later it is intended that Northern boys will stage their own productions.

Off to Canada



Michael Hartnett, 13-year-old singer from Antrim, Northern Ireland, was chosen to go with the English Opera Group to Canada. He will appear with the Group at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival in Ontario.

An electronic machine that can count tiny insects at about 1000 a second has been constructed at Canterbury University College, New Zealand. It is to be used by entomologists for studying pests and developing insecticides.

JAMBOREE POSTSCRIPT

Continued from page 1

Odd jobs, the holding of bazaars, and donations from well-wishers provided the £400 a head needed for a party of 22 Scouts from Japan. For them the Jamboree has meant also an air trip round the world. They came by India with breaks for tours of Rome and Paris; and they will fly back across the North Pole, after visiting Switzerland, Germany, and Denmark.

The youngest Japanese Scouts, two 15-year-olds—Tani from Osaka and Aso from Tokyo—were completely bewildered by all that they had seen.

"What have we noticed different from our country?" they echoed. "Everything. The houses, the country. We have mountains and sea, but no seashore like yours. No meadows, no rolling plains. Everything is different. We see motor-cars and Western dress in Japanese cities, but that is all. Nothing else is the same."

The Jamboree is ended, but its message continues. From the cosmopolitan capital of Sutton Park, most of the overseas contingents have dispersed to spend the rest of their holidays with British families. Names on a map have become real places, with real people; and it is with this knowledge and understanding that thousands of Scouts will ultimately settle again in their homes throughout the world. They are the ambassadors of youth; they will be ambassadors of peace.

MR PARKER COMES TO STAY

"Come on, Mr. Parker, breakfast is ready," shout the Sargent family daily from the back door of their home at Bexley, Kent. And in comes Mr. Parker for his meal.

Although now a well-established member of the Sargent household, Mr. Parker's home is, in fact, in the garden. He lives out there and comes in when he is called; and because that may seem unusual we must now disclose that Mr. Parker is a great spotted woodpecker.

He was found in Bexley Woods early last month by Mr. Sargent. The bird had fallen from a nest, so Mr. Sargent took him home and there he was soon nicknamed Mr. Parker—"because he is so nosey."

A day or two later 14-year-old Brian Sargent let Mr. Parker out into their garden. But first he attached a long piece of string to the bird's leg, and tied the other end to a tree. He hoped that the bird would thus learn to fly and find his own food, but still remain with the family.

But Mr. Parker was none too pleased with the string, which restricted his movements and caught in his legs. So, reluctantly, Brian removed it and prepared to wave the new friend a sad farewell.

To everyone's astonishment, Mr. Parker decided to stay. He sat in a tree and would not fly away. "I don't think we could get rid of him now if we wanted to," says Brian's mother.

FLYING PIONEER'S MODEL

A unique relic of early flying days has been presented to the Brazilian Government by the firm of Vickers-Armstrong. It is a model of an aeroplane worked out at the end of the last century by the great Brazilian flying pioneer, Alberto Santos-Dumont. He built a number of light airships from 1899 to 1906, and in the latter year he also flew an aeroplane for 220 metres.

The model was presented in 1922 by Santos-Dumont to a friend, Mr. Tanburn, who was visiting him near Bath. It was hanging from the workshop ceiling and Santos-Dumont said it had not been taken down for 20 years. Mr. Tanburn gave it to the Royal Air Force Club, and later it was lent to the Science Museum, where it was described as "a unique relic."

Santos-Dumont is considered to have been more responsible for making Britain and Europe air-minded in early days than anyone else, and so Vickers-Armstrong bought the model to present to his country.

BOY'S SUIT OF ARMOUR

A suit of armour for a boy of 12 has been acquired for the armoury of the Tower of London. Dating from about 1550 and made of steel plates with gilt edges, it came from Lord Mount Edgumbe's house in Cornwall.

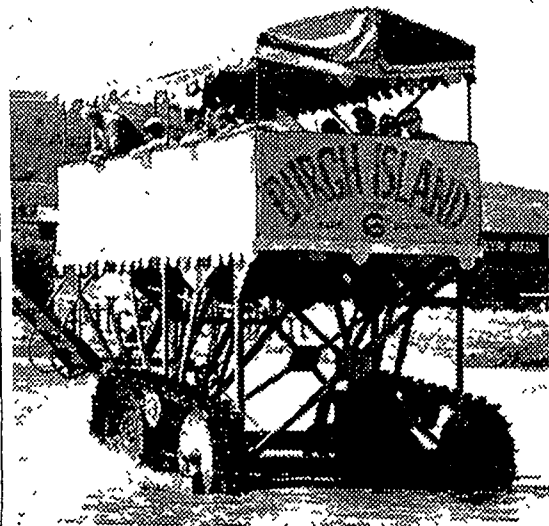
Suits of armour for children are rare. The Tower armoury has no fewer than 8000 suits of protective clothing, but only three of them were made for children.

This particular new suit is interesting because it was made at a special workshop established by Henry VIII at Greenwich, and was possibly made for his young son Edward VI.

MOUNTAIN TOPPED

The sharp peak of the Pic du Midi near Toulouse has been flattened so that engineers can put a television relay unit on top. The operation has reduced the mountain's official height from 9442 feet to 9399 feet.

Ferry on stilts



When holiday-makers at Bigbury-on-Sea South Devon, wish to cross over to Burgh Island they take this queer-looking ferry. It stands on stilts and has catapillar wheels.

HELP FOR AMATEUR VIOLINISTS

A book for the amateur violinist, torn between thoughts of the lovely sounds he *should* make and the not-quite-so-lovely sounds that he *does* make, ought, above all, to be encouraging. And it is a note of encouragement that Robin Gilbert happily strikes in his book: *Fiddling For Fun* (Faber, 10s. 6d.).

The true music-lover does not make unlovely sounds if he can possibly help it. But he often wastes his efforts in the wrong direction; and though nobody can learn to play an instrument like the fiddle by reading a book, everyone can be helped by guidance of the kind given by this author.

And Mr. Gilbert makes no less a claim than that the amateurs who fiddle for fun "are not misguided muddlers, but the artistic life-blood of a civilised community."

Something to live up to, indeed; but just what the amateur needs.

NIGHT INTO DAY

A new "Nocturnal House" is being built at Chester Zoo which will turn night into day and vice versa. It will be occupied by animals which are active by night, such as bush babies and different species of squirrels. But at night time the house will be brilliantly lit, as though it were day. The animals will sleep then and awake in time to receive visitors—by a special "moonshine" lighting.

NATURE RESERVE ON A DUMP

An area used by the National Coal Board for tipping waste from coal mines ten miles south-east of Leeds is to be managed by the West Riding County Council as a nature reservation. This unusual arrangement—unusual because pit heaps are not normal places for nature reserves—follows representations by the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union.

The site extends over 618 acres of bogland close to Tryston Colliery, near Castleford. It is beside the River Aire, and the Great North Road, and pit heaps run down to the edge of the water. The Coal Board will continue tipping waste on part of the area, and the County Council is paying £27 a year to keep the shooting rights and prevent rare birds being shot.

Here amid spoil pits, colliery head gear and a great power station, come many kinds of birds in hundreds. It is surely Britain's strangest nature reserve.

WHY THEY REST ON ONE LEG

A scientific party, led by a Sydney orthopaedic surgeon, is now in Darwin trying to find out why the Australian Aborigines stand on one leg to rest, like flamingoes.

The surgeon thinks it possible that in unfriendly country the early Aborigines could not take the risk of leaning against trees which would obstruct their field of vision, and so they evolved this one-legged stance.

There are at least 12 variations of it, and he intends training some of his party to try it for a study of muscle reaction.

VICTORY WAS SWEET

A piece of Bridlington rock, four feet long, was presented to a member of Bridlington Town Council as his prize for winning a 23-mile bicycle race against the Mayor of Beverley. Racing as the result of a challenge, the winner covered the course in 1 hour 45 minutes, one minute faster than the loser.

The prize was enjoyed by children of Dr. Barnardo's Homes on holiday at Bridlington.

TALL STORY

A vivid splash of colour appeared recently halfway up the steeple of the Parish Church at Swaffham, Norfolk. Examined through binoculars, it proved to be an antirrhinum (snapdragon) which, finding root in the crevices of the stonework, had burst into full bloom.

Columbus sails again



Bronze statue of Christopher Columbus, great Italian navigator, seen just before shipment from Verona, Italy, where it was cast. After crossing the Atlantic it will be set up in San Francisco.

NEW COAL MINE IN LANCASHIRE

For the first time the contract for sinking a new coal mine in this country has been secured by a South African company. The new venture near Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, is called Parkside Colliery, and will cost about £12,000,000.

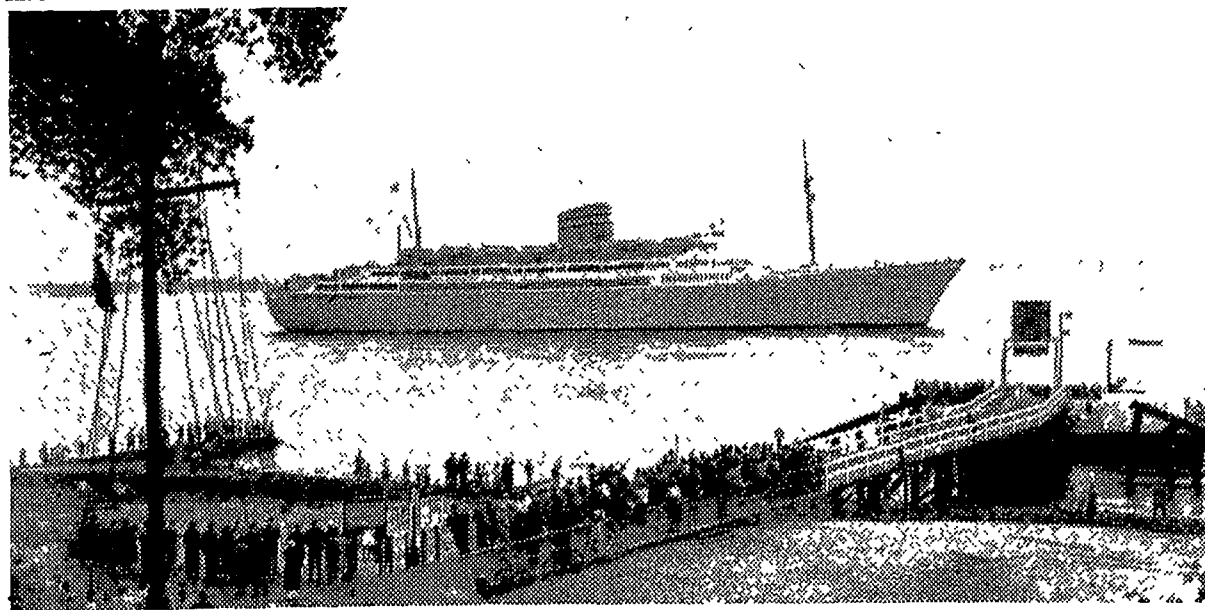
It will tap a reserve of more than a 100 million tons of coal, and by 1962 is expected to be producing 2000 tons a day, and by 1965 to be in full production of 4000 tons a day. Many miners will come from old pits in the St. Helens area which are nearing the end of their usefulness.

Two shafts, 24 feet in diameter, will reach a depth of 3000 feet.

OFF FOR A TIN-FULL

A case of empty jam tins is an unusual item in the luggage of two lads now aboard the trawler Northern Sea for three weeks' fishing operations in the White Sea in north-west Russia.

Both students of Loughborough Grammar School, they signed on as temporary crew at Grimsby. The tins are for specimens of ocean life which they hope to collect.



Friendly greetings for passing ships

A small jetty on the banks of the Elbe estuary, near Hamburg, is being used to send a friendly greeting to passing ships. The appropriate national anthem is played and messages are exchanged between ship and shore by loudspeakers. The ship in this picture is the British-built Bergensfjord, an 18,700-ton Norwegian liner bound for the United States after a tour of north European ports.

ERNEST THOMSON WRITES ABOUT RADIO AND TELEVISION PERSONALITIES AND PROGRAMMES

IN THE WORLD OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Velvet and long curls for Richard

ON SHOW AT THE RADIO SHOW

YOUNG people have a big share in the new Network Three broadcasts which the BBC are starting on the Third Programme wavelengths. Three new programmes are being introduced at the National Radio Show by a company of about 80. They are: What's Your Pleasure?, This Changing World, and Such is Life, all produced by the Younger Generation unit and presented in the BBC Theatre at 3 and 7 p.m. each day under the general title The World of Young People.



Judy Grinham

The company includes boys and girls who are working on atomic energy, training for careers in the Merchant Navy or in nursing, or keeping alive the ancient crafts. Also taking part are an underwater swimmer, a climber, a pilot, an amateur film maker, and enthusiasts in judo, archaeology, amateur dramatics, and music. A number of overseas students will answer questions about their countries.

Programmes are to be changed daily.

Visiting celebrities to be interviewed include Sir John Hunt, of Everest fame; trumpeter Humphrey Lyttelton, Eric Williams, the escape expert, and Judy Grinham, the Olympic swimming champion. The interviewers are all young people who have made a name for themselves in previous Younger Generation broadcasts.

Introducing the programmes are such Younger Generation producers as Robert Gunnell, Robert Craddock, and Henry Bentinck. In between shows you can talk to them at the BBC's Information Desk, where they will be glad to answer questions and listen to suggestions and criticisms.

18-year-old actor as Falstaff

If you are watching A to Z televised from the Radio Show theatre on Friday, look out for Falstaff in a scene from Shakespeare's Henry IV Part II. This fat, ancient, and bloated warrior is being played by 18-year-old David Weston, one of the youngest Falstaffs in acting history. David is one of the Youth Theatre Company who are included in the Show because it covers the letters 'X', 'Y', and 'Z.'

They are nearly all schoolboys. Their President is Sir Ralph Richardson, one of the best-known stage Falstaffs of this generation. The idea of the Youth Theatre is to pool the best stage talent from schools to put on great British plays during the holidays.

Michael Croft, their director, tells me that the day after their TV programme at the Radio Show, the boys set off for Manchester to begin rehearsals for a short Shakespearean season in the University Theatre.

Peddalling thrills

SOMETHING you must not miss in BBC Children's TV on Saturday is the miniature car race at Noordwijk in Holland. This is the annual international contest for child drivers working their pedal cars. Crowds of holiday-makers turn up every year to enjoy the thrills as the drivers pedal furiously over the course on the sands, often with spills and collisions.

This TV broadcast comes to us by Eurovision, and has been arranged specially by the Dutch Television Service.

Beside the seaside

RICHARD CAWSTON and Pamela Bower, of BBC Television, have been telling me of the lovely time they had the other day roaming Broadstairs beach to find out why people go to the seaside for their holidays. They were preparing their filmed programme, The Big Gamble, which is being televised on Friday.

Why The Big Gamble? Because about 16 million people every year risk their savings on a holiday which may almost literally be a washout.

Richard Cawston told me that he and his camera team waited while Pamela Bower walked along the sands looking for likely folk with an interesting story. Then the team rolled up for completely unrehearsed interviews.

Jack Warner, as commentator, is an even better choice than they thought. Cawston discovered on phoning Jack that he had lived at Kingsgate, on the outskirts of Broadstairs, for the past ten years!



Jack Warner

HAVE you ever read Little Lord Fauntleroy? Written by Frances Hodgson Burnett in 1886, it was once a children's classic, but has been rather forgotten of late. It comes back in great style next Tuesday in a five-part serial in BBC Children's TV.

Richard O'Sullivan (15), of the Corona Stage School, stars as the little boy, grandson of an Earl, whose father is dead. His American mother is frowned on by the old Earl when the mother and son come to England so that little Lord Fauntleroy can be trained for his inheritance.

The crusty old Earl will be played by that well-known radio



Richard O'Sullivan

actor Laidman Browne, with Mary Holland as little Lord Fauntleroy's mother, whom he always calls Dearest.

The play means a lot of interesting work for the Television Wardrobe department. Richard O'Sullivan will need a velvet outfit with lace collar, and long hair with curls.

Some of the scenes at the Earl's mansion are being filmed at Knole House by permission of Lord Sackville. A dinner scene and an American street episode are being shot at Ealing Studios.

Wild Life from the West Region

A DREAM has come true for Desmond Hawkins, Head of BBC West Regional programmes. For ten years he has been building up the reputation of the West Region as the principal natural history branch of the BBC. Now, I hear, its Bristol headquarters are to be the centre for the Corporation's first Natural History Unit.

Sound radio programmes like The Naturalist, Birds in Britain, and Birdsong of the Month were all started in Bristol. As TV developed it was the West Region that gave Peter Scott his outlet for Look and other wild life programmes.

Desmond Hawkins' new unit will have a team of producers and film technicians spending all their time in pursuit of animal and bird subjects.

At the Radio Show which opens this Wednesday at Earls Court, London, Britain's radio industry is celebrating the 21st anniversary of the world's first high definition television service. It is also hoping that during the exhibition, which runs until September 7, the seven-and-a-half millionth TV licence will be issued.

One of the highlights of the Show is the increasing number of portable TV sets. With TV portables, we can keep a watch on the world of entertainment and events wherever we happen to be. For journalists and critics this can be a priceless boon.

All sound radio sets on view, except portables, are equipped for receiving interference-free V.H.F. Battery sets are getting smaller and smaller, thanks to the tiny transistor which is replacing the ordinary glass valve.

Electronics play a big part in the Show. On the Careers in Electronics stand there are demon-

strations of brain, heart, and muscle testing by electronic apparatus. Last year this stand drew inquiries from 3000 boys and girls.

The Post Office exhibit has a special section for young visitors. You can see a new electronic letter-sorting machine and the experimental automatic phone equipment for giving weather reports and cricket scores.

The BBC sound and TV theatre has 1000 seats for rehearsals and actual transmissions. For the first time this year the BBC and ITA are in direct competition in presenting their stars to the public, each service using its own celebrity dais covered by closed-circuit television cameras.

In ITV's horseshoe-shaped arena many stage and screen stars will be interviewed daily and televised on closed-circuit throughout the show. And during most mornings young visitors will have a chance to see themselves on this closed-circuit TV.

At home with the Golden Eagle

ERIC SIMMS, the BBC's 'bird man,' recently achieved one of his major ambitions—capturing the voice of the golden eagle. The other day he returned with the precious prize to Broadcasting House with Bob Wade, his engineer companion who handles the recording gear.

They got their quarry in a remote spot in the Highlands, where the microphone was set up on the edge of an eyrie 2600 feet above sea-level.

After dragging 1800 feet of cable up the cliff face, Simms found an eaglet only about three weeks old. He says it made a terrific noise, mainly because it was bored through being left most of the time by its parents, who were foraging for

food. He got its solo screeches on tape and also its chatter with its mother while being fed.

The golden eagle's voice will be heard soon in a radio programme. Simms also captured the cries of the Scottish crossbill, grey wagtail, spotted fly-catcher, and ptarmigan.



Golden eagle on its rocky nest

YOU AND THE ROCKS

Geology can be a fascinating summer holiday hobby; there are collections to be made, exciting places to explore, and the interest of finding out how the countryside got its shape. A first-class guide to the subject is Christopher Trent's new illustrated book called Exploring the Rocks (Phoenix House, 9s. 6d.).

Britain, as Mr. Trent points out, is "a wonderful shop window of all the principal kinds of rocks which occur in the whole world."

He explains how the trees and plants depend on the underlying rock. Thus heather and bracken pine and fir are found in a sandstone area. On the other hand, it is in clay—also classified as rock—that many of the traditional English trees flourish, including the oak and the elm, while chalk

gives us the downland turf with its harebells, scabious, and wild thyme.

But for some young readers the most absorbing chapters will be those dealing with fossils; how they are formed, where they can be found, how to handle and classify them. But exciting as fossil-hunting is, there are plenty of other interesting things to do in geology. You can see how many different kinds of stones or pebbles you can collect—different according to their geological classification; you can write up notebooks about all you observe and discover.

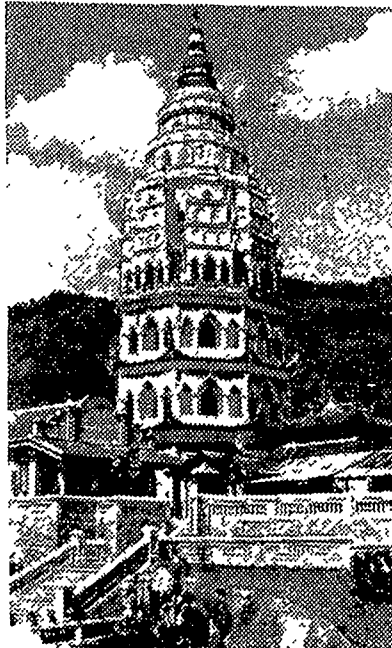
And if you are very ambitious you can start a window-box collection, each box containing a different kind of soil with its characteristic flowers.

SCENES IN MALAYA, NEW COMMONWEALTH PARTNER

On August 31 The Federation of Malaya celebrates its Independence. These pictures give glimpses of places and people in this youngest of the self-governing members of the British Commonwealth. See article on Page 2.



Sailing boat at Pekan, in the State of Pahang



A temple in Penang



The sandy, palm-fringed shores of Penang



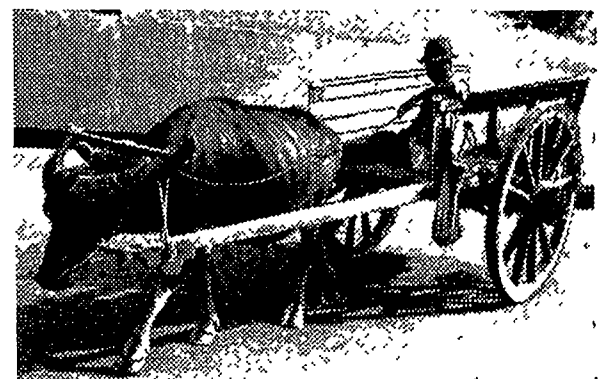
In school at Kuala Lumpur, Selangor



A fisherman of Lumut, Perak



Kelantan craftsmen are famed for their silverware



Buffalo-power in Malacca



Collecting latex from a rubber tree



Fishing with a basket in Kedah



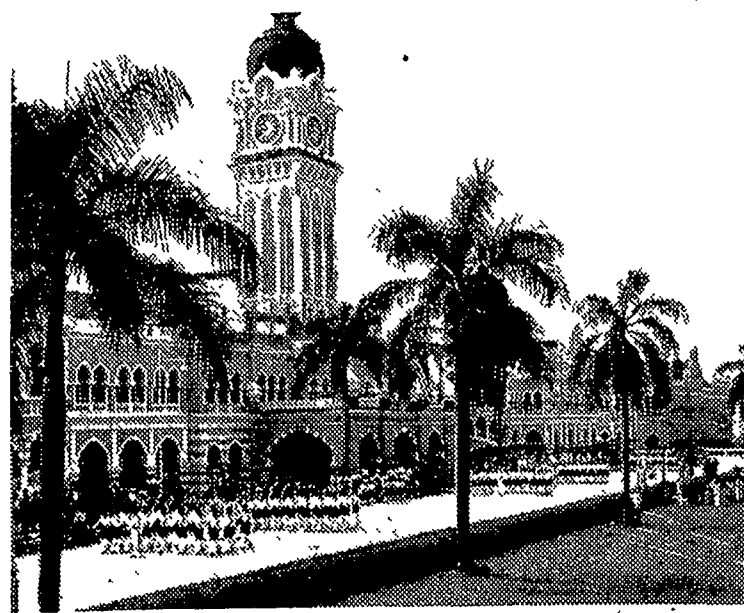
A Chinese girl harvests pineapples



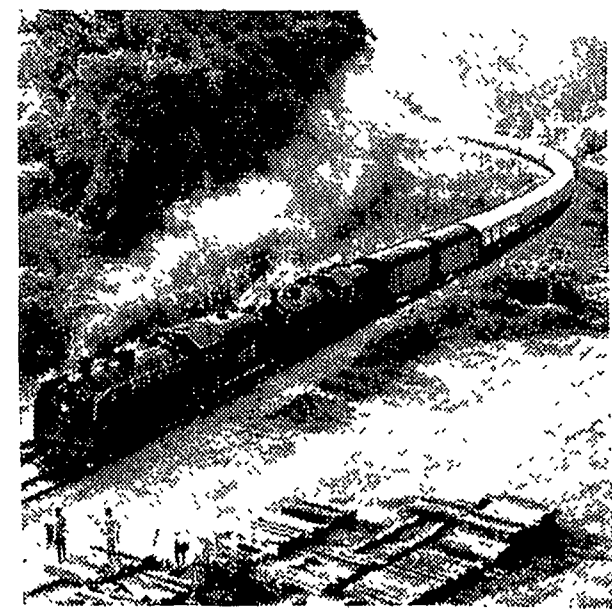
Playtime for children of Malacca



Break-time at the Malay Boys' School in Johore Bahru



Government Buildings, in the Federal Capital, Kuala Lumpur



The Golden Blowpipe Express

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars . London . EC4
AUGUST 31 1957

UNENDING TRAIL

THE thousands of Scouts from overseas now touring Britain can hardly fail to see ugly evidence of our national habit of leaving a messy trail of litter behind us.

Why do we do it? This is the question being asked by our young visitors from places as far apart as Ghana and Germany. A CN Correspondent who spent two days at Sutton Park found Scouts from Switzerland and Sweden particularly shocked at our untidy habits.

Neither the Swiss nor the Scandinavians would drop ice cream cartons or old comics about their parks, any more than they would litter a friend's sitting room with potato-crisp bags.

English Scouts, of course, share this view of litter louts and many troops are doing their best to fight the problem. But they have, literally, a tidy job on their hands. At a field used by young train-sporters near Tamworth, Staffordshire, they found 50 scraps of waste paper on ten square yards of ground.

In Ashdown Forest, Sussex, Scouts of East Grinstead have been raking the waste-paper into giant heaps to remind motorists of "all that you've left behind."

At Danehill, nearby, school-children painted an anti-litter poster showing a pig surrounded by her litter of piglets. "I don't leave my litter lying around," says the pig. "Why do you?"

Why, indeed!



OUR HOMELAND

SHADES OF MOZART

THE greatest child genius in music the world has ever known was Wolfgang Mozart. We can fancy that the smiling shade of the young master was hovering over the Royal Albert Hall when 14-year-old Allan Schiller of Leeds played Mozart's Piano Concerto in A at a Promenade Concert.

The great Austrian composer was only six—and already famous—when he came to London nearly two centuries ago, during his first European tour as a pianist. That was more than a hundred years before the Albert Hall was built.

Throughout his short life (he died when only 35) Mozart had a hard time. He was overworked to the point of exhaustion, ill-paid, frustrated, almost broken-hearted at times. But he never lost heart.

As a boy he had no time for games. And when he grew up hard work and constant worry were his sad lot.

So he would have been glad to hear his noble concerto so finely played by a small boy of this present age to whom sports and hobbies are an unquestioned part of life, even though music still comes first.

Thirty Years Ago

From the Children's Newspaper,
September 3, 1927

MR. BAIRD, one of the inventors who has done wonders in the way of sending visions of things seen to a distance, has just succeeded in putting some of these transmitted signals of vision on to the cylinder of a phonograph.

He can set his phonograph cylinder in motion, and on a prepared screen will appear the vision of a face which frowns or smiles, or uses the muscles of speaking or singing, as it did when the inventor transmitted the vision of the speaking face by wireless. Over and over again the face will smile, or frown, as many times as the cylinder is set in motion.

Closed for repair

SOME shopkeepers merely pull down the shutters, others exhibit a "Closed" notice. But a bookseller in the West End of London recently went one better. In a "Notice to All Patrons," he stated: "I have been obliged through the sheer weight of fatigue to quit my post and repair to my dwelling-house until I have recovered my normal composure."

Beautiful Twice Over



Elizabeth Wong Yin-Yin (her name means Beautiful Twice Over) has come all the way from Jesselton, capital of North Borneo, to study as a librarian. Elizabeth, who is 18, was born in Shanghai and speaks five Chinese dialects as well as English and Malay.

Home in fine style

PRIVATE BARRY SADLER of Leamington finished his military service in grand style. He was flown across the Atlantic from Bermuda because no ship was available at the time he was due to come home. He came in a BOAC luxury stratoscruiser, in which the fare was £121.

He said the food on the flight was "terrific"; and he should know, for he served in the Army Catering Corps.

JUST AN IDEA

As Schiller wrote: Only those who have the patience to do simple things perfectly, ever acquire the skill to do difficult things easily.

JUST A FEW WORDS

HERE is an entertaining way to increase your knowledge of words. Each numbered sentence below is followed by three answers or comments you might make; but, in each case, only one is correct and shows that you have understood the meaning of the word in italics. To answer five or six correctly is very good.

(Answers are given on page 12)

1. A *clandestine* meeting took place.
A—Noisy.
B—Secret.
C—A family affair.
2. These men are *artisans*.
A—Actors.
B—Painters.
C—Skilled craftsmen.
3. What is a *bellicose* young woman?
A—Lovely to look at.
B—Much too plump.
C—An aggressive disposition.
4. The weather has been *capricious*.
A—Changeable.
B—Favourable.
C—Tropical.
5. My sister is *ambidextrous*.
A—Can't settle down.
B—Too hard to please.
C—Uses both hands equally well.
6. He uses *colloquial* words.
A—Everyday expressions.
B—A local dialect.
C—From a foreign language.

THEY SAY . . .

BRITAIN'S industrial output might be increased if everyone had a siesta after lunch.

Dr. M. Curwen, in an article in *The British Medical Journal*

WOMEN traditionally are not good at machinery, though they may be better at it than is sometimes believed . . . I should like to think that numbers of girls do take up technical careers, and I can see nothing incongruous in women engineers.

Miss Freda Hornbrook of the Ministry of Labour

WELL-LOVED son would like unfurnished house or flat in or around Bristol, anywhere considered, as long as he can take his Mum and Dad.

Small ad. in a Bristol newspaper

THE Mayflower II is a symbol of a great part of America's heritage . . . Out in Nebraska they even want to put the Mayflower II on wheels and bring her in by road.

Mr. F. Herrick Herrick, Hollywood film producer

Think on These Things

PEOPLE all over the world followed with horror and awe the brave attempts to rescue four men marooned on a mighty Swiss mountain. The struggle was grim and terrible, but it was impossible not to feel admiration for the skill, daring, and courage of the rescue team. They knew the dangers involved, and yet they were prepared to face them. Why? Because human lives were in mortal danger and human life is precious.

The instinct to help those in danger springs from the simple truth that every individual man is precious in the eyes of God. This must be so because, as we read in Genesis, God created man in His own image.

People often ask why it is that mountaineers make these perilous ascents. The desire springs from an instinct deep in the human heart: it is the desire to pit one's strength against something really great and to win.

But there is clearly no excuse for a person to be foolhardy and attempt something for which he is not fitted, and which may bring danger and hurt to others.

O. R. C.

Out and About

It is pleasant to see crowds of swallows, some adults and some young, lining telegraph wires and roofs, then circling and swooping at insects or strolling on the ground and pecking. When evening draws on, what a cheerful twittering they set up as they collect to roost. They make almost as much of a hubbub as a great flock of starlings, such as we shall soon be seeing in early autumn, settling in a wood.

Bird voices begin indeed to remind us that though autumn is not far off, the same is true of a renewed season of song. The quietest weeks of the year are over. Besides the swallows which have invaded the village and are obviously prepared to move farther south with the first bad weather, robins have been singing, though not at their best. Two larks are still singing in the last sunlight, high above the harvested stubble fields, though on the ground is the shade of approaching twilight.

TIME OF CONTRASTS

Between now and mid-September is a time of contrasts. On the golf links and common during the hot afternoon one could measure the approach of autumn by the progress of the blackberries, many of which are already ripe for plucking. But the pointed fiery yellow blossom on the gorse offered no such guide, though the flowers were less numerous than the buds. And yet every now and again there was the popping sound of a bursting pod of gorse seed.

On part of the common there are many bushes of broom, as if to remind us that furze or gorse is not to be confused with it. The broom made a fine show of bloom, a paler yellow than the gorse, in late May and early June, but it is all gone now. The present flowering of the gorse is the second of the year, the first being from early February to late April. This double blooming, at the ending of winter and again at the ending of summer, is ample consolation for the sharp spines on the tough shrubs, so different from the longer-stemmed, hairy but spineless broom.

CHANGING COLOUR

The creamy heads of meadow-sweet which have been plentiful between the common and the now harvested fields are gone, or at least show a rusty brown. Even the rich yellow stars of the ragwort, which have bloomed all the summer, are getting thin and straggly.

The white clematis called Traveller's Joy, that clings to some of the brambles and is all over a hedge between the common and golf links, still carries many greenish white blooms, the colour belonging to the sepals, for there are no petals.

And when it turns into hairy, silvery clusters in autumn, it will be called Old Man's Beard.

C. D. D.

FIRST AIRSHIP FLIGHT ROUND THE WORLD

LAKEHURST, New Jersey—The first men to fly round the world in an airship are being fêted in America after their historic flight.

They landed here two days ago from the Graf Zeppelin, named after the famous German airship designer, Count (Graf) Ferdinand von Zeppelin (1838-1917). They had circled the globe in 12 days, and in doing so had broken other flying records. Graf Zeppelin had crossed the Atlantic in 55 hours—faster than any other airship. It flew over the Pacific in 68 hours 14 minutes, at an average speed of 80 knots.

Throughout the whole trip the airship had kept exactly to the

60,000 items of mail had been unloaded the airship was moved into a hangar and the 16 passengers disembarked.

Her Commander, Dr. Hugo Eckener, and his crew stepped out to a roar of cheers from the crowd. Among guests of honour who greeted them was Charles Lindbergh, the American airman who, two years ago, became the first man to fly the Atlantic alone.

Later that day Dr. Eckener was flown by a Navy aircraft to Washington, where he was received at the White House by President Hoover.

When Dr. Eckener publicly announced early this summer that

from the military authorities. So at 5.42 a.m. the following day the Graf Zeppelin took off and set out over the Atlantic.

The French coast was crossed on August 9. At midnight, Eckener was surprised when a group of passengers came into the control cabin to celebrate his birthday. In the flurry of work and excitement he had forgotten all about it.

The first stop was Friedrichshafen, where the airship stayed five days, for a complete overhaul. Then off it set for Tokyo, flying low over Berlin and crossing into Russia.

The airship left the Asian mainland north of Japan, and veered south for Tokyo, where it was given a tremendous welcome.

After crossing the Pacific disaster almost struck the Graf Zeppelin when it was taking off from Los Angeles. As it circled the airport it was not rising high enough and was in danger of striking buildings.

ELECTRIC STORM

Stores of tinned food were jettisoned to make it lighter, but even so it rose painfully slowly and the tail scraped a high-tension electric transmission line near the airport. Miraculously the damage was slight.

The final lap to New York proved the worst. Flying over Arizona, the Zeppelin was forced to change direction to avoid a fierce electric storm. Its speed was reduced from 100 to 30 knots and once it had to drop from 5000 feet to 1500 feet.

The Zeppelin's passenger section is much like a comfortable hotel. The cabins are roomy, food is cooked in up-to-date kitchens, and there is hot and cold water in every room.

In 1931 the Graf Zeppelin flew over the North Pole. It flew regularly to South America between 1932-6.



Salukis on show

Pauline Grisdale was a proud young kennelmaid—she is only 12—when she appeared at a Saluki Show in London, in charge of four prize specimens.

FINDING WHERE FISH GO

By marking or tagging the fishes around our coasts, biologists of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food are slowly adding to our knowledge of their travels.

Last year some 6000 fish were marked like this in the North Sea, chiefly cod, herring, sole, and whiting, with the research ships *Platessa* and *Sir Lancelot* attaching the small blue and yellow cylinders which mark the fish they catch and liberate again. Each numbered cylinder is attached to the back of the fish by a nylon thread like a surgical stitch.

A large number of codling were marked and released in April and June and one marked near Whitby travelled by this time to the entrance of the Danish Skagerrak, where it was recaptured five months later. During summer the codling, or young cod, have been found to grow a little more than an inch a month, but where the fishing is intense, only a few have the prospect of growing big. Half to a third of the cod liberated in the North Sea are likely to be caught in a year.

Whiting released off the Tyne in summer were later caught at the Farne Deep, but when these marked fish were being released, one was caught and swallowed by a gull before it could swim down.

Out of 300 hake marked off southern Ireland, only one was recovered—by a French trawler 30 miles away. Only two marked hake have ever been recaptured, the other being traced to France.

One of our common flat-fishes living on the sandy bed of the sea is called the sole, because it is shaped rather like the sole of your foot. Many of the soles have been marked with numbered plastic buttons. Most have been recovered near where they were first marked, but one sole marked near the Sizewell Bank off the Suffolk coast was caught 13 months later about 180 miles away near the Cleaver Bank in the North Sea, while another marked off Texel Rough off the Dutch coast was found in the Zuider Zee.

Nearly 4000 herring were marked last year, tagged with blue and yellow cylinders like the cod-marks, or a flat plastic flag attached by a wire bridle, or a small button was fixed by elastic.

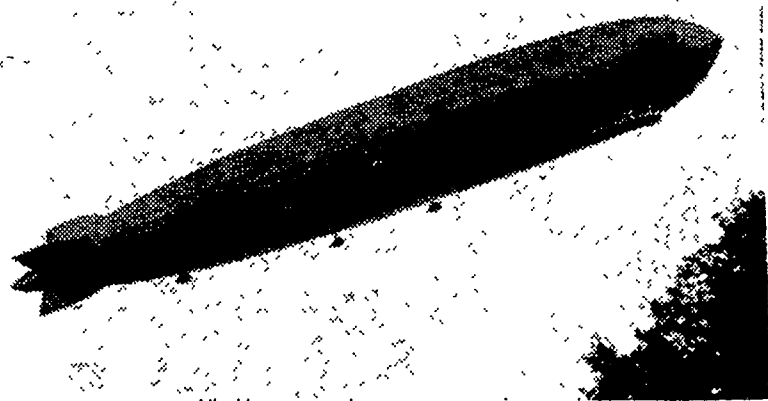
E. H.

BRITISH BOYS ON CANADIAN TOUR

A party of 40 boys from secondary schools in Birmingham, Bradford, Glasgow, and London are now enjoying a tour of Canada, visiting some of the chief cities and meeting Canadians of their own age. They are taking part in the ninth tour arranged under the Canada Educational Trust, created by the Bradford philanthropist W. H. Rhodes.

Mr. Rhodes is himself travelling with the party on this year's tour, which coincides with the 20th anniversary of the first tour.

Altogether about 370 boys have visited Canada under the scheme "to form an idea of the magnitude and importance of the Dominion and to understand something of the everyday life of its people." The whole trip lasts almost a month.



The Graf Zeppelin, first airship to fly round the world

timetable mapped out for it by its captain and designer, Dr. Hugo Eckener.

In its 21,000-mile flight it flew over Europe, Asia, America, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. It made stops at Friedrichshafen in Germany, Tokyo, and Los Angeles. Flying across America it passed over a dozen cities, including Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, and New York.

On its arrival in U.S.A. the airship first appeared over New York at 7 a.m. At that time the streets were almost deserted, but the roar of the engines thundering at only 500 feet above the skyscrapers, and an escort of a dozen aeroplanes circling it, brought people rushing to windows and doors.

At Lakehurst airport the great ship, 772 feet long, was moored in under five minutes after the ropes were dropped to the landing crew. Customs and immigration officers boarded her and after

he was going to fly the Graf Zeppelin around the world, there was immediate support from Germany, and even more from America. The few passenger seats were booked immediately and stamp collectors eagerly seized the chance of having mail carried by the airship.

When the airship left Germany for America to start its world flight, it carried a crew of 42 and 18 passengers. On board was Sir Hubert Wilkins, the famous Arctic explorer.

The Zeppelin reached New York on August 1. All was set for the world flight to begin on August 7, but that morning news was brought to Eckener that an embargo was being put on the airship.

But Eckener persuaded the commander of the Naval Air Station he was using to resist the order on the grounds that it had come from a civil court and not

McNally and Ian Felsted, camped on the island for two weeks catching about 30 koalas a day.

First one of the men would climb a tree with a rope noose on a long pole, specially tied so as not to tighten and hurt the captive.

While the koala looked shocked and disbelieving at this trespass on its tree home, the noose was slipped around its shoulders so that it would be lifted off the branch and allowed to fall into a tarpaulin held below like a fireman's net. The koalas were put into crates filled with gum leaves and were soon happy again, ready for their two-day journey to new tree homes.

THE WAY TO CATCH KOALAS

Half of Australia's largest colony of koalas, on Philip Island off the southern coast of Victoria, has been taken to the Australian mainland to start life afresh.

Approximately 200 acres of the island were destroyed by fire in February, and a quick survey by the Fisheries and Game Department showed there would not be enough food for the island's 450 koalas and that some must be moved to greener pastures. While this was being done, the island residents planted 2000 trees on an Arbor Day specially organised for the animals which were to remain.

Two research officers, John



Three cycles—eight passengers

The Curd family, of Ashford, Middlesex, are bicycle-minded. But only those fit to ride may do so. The rest, Geraldine and Robert, for instance and their pets Bimbo (in basket), Scruffy, and Lulu get in, or on, where they can.

HIS FIRST DAY AT WORK

New Zoo for Kumasi

This is the time of year when many young people, having left school, are getting ready to start their first job. For this reason we feel that many of our readers will be interested in these recollections, sent in by a Glasgow friend, of starting work on Clydeside.

Each year as the summer draws reluctantly to autumn and the soccer season begins, I recall my own first day as an apprentice in a Clydeside marine engineering shop. Strictly speaking, this was not my first job; I had done the odd errand-boy jobs, followed by a short-lived term as a garden lad which came to an abrupt end when I dug up my employer's rhubarb roots in error.

The start of an apprenticeship is a different matter, and it certainly was in the days of the nineteen-thirties when work was not so plentiful as now.

By bus and then by tramcar on this sunny morning I travelled 12 miles from my home to Clydeside. My equipment was about the very minimum one could have had for the job; a blue-boiler suit stiff with the "batter" in it, a 12-inch steel rule, and a tea-can.

MEETING WITH SANDY

On presenting myself at the gate-house I had my insurance card taken from me and was given a check number and told to stand aside. Just after the starting whistle blew a red-faced man in a bowler hat approached. "Here's your new boy, Mr. Douglas," said the gateman, and the red-faced man beckoned me to go with him.

The engine shop was at the far end of the yard and on the way Mr. Douglas simply asked my name and check number and said nothing more. On entering the shop he passed me over to his leading hand, Sandy MacLeod. Meeting Sandy was my first encounter with those famous men of industry, the Clydeside engi-

neers. Sandy had spent some years at sea; but most of his working life had been spent in the yards of Clydeside.

An older lad was detailed to show me the general store—a building I should often have to visit on errands for the men. Each department had its own store, but the general store, near the main gate, was the focal point of the works. It supplied all the needs of every section, so there was a constant coming and going.

The chief storeman was a former goalkeeper with a famous Scottish team and he immediately fixed me a trial with the works team, of which he was both secretary and trainer. Perhaps it was only coincidence, but my three years as the team's goalkeeper coincided with the poorest results.

Many a jape was played on new apprentices in those days, but on his first day a new lad was let off rather lightly, perhaps merely being sent for a glass-faced hammer.

BLACK SOAP

Some fifteen minutes from stopping time another apprentice took me to the blacksmith's shop for a bucket of hot water. Then I was shown the various ways to acquire a big handful of black soap from the store, these two being the duties of the newest apprentice.

Next I learned how to get dirt and oil and grease off the hands. The black soap and some fine sand were rubbed into a paste on the hands, and after washing in the bucket of warm water the hands became absolutely clean.

Even today my outstanding memories of that first day in the works are of the men discussing the day's work and the evening's pleasures, the boys larking round the bucket, and the satisfying feel of the soap and sand and hot water at the end of the day, the first of many to be spent in a great industry.

Mr. George Cansdale, the popular Zoo man, recently returned from Ghana, where he has been supervising the preliminary stages of establishing a national zoo at Kumasi.

It will cost some £15,000 and is to be in a broad valley on the outskirts of the town against a background of cocoa and banana farms. The adjoining swamp will soon be the home of two or three hippos.

Two acres of forest will be planted for monkeys, such as the colourful leaf-eaters, which die if put in cages. There will be big fenced paddocks for antelopes and specially-designed enclosures for snakes. The new zoo will be a sort of African Whipsnade with virtually no buildings to protect the animals from the elements. But, as Mr. Cansdale has explained, they will not be needed, for the animals will be living "at home."

He believes that Africans from all parts of Ghana will flock to see the new zoo.

INDIA'S YOUNG ENGINEERS

More and more of India's young people are going in for engineering as the latest figures show. In 1947 there were 950 students with degrees in engineering. Today there are over 3000. And each year recently more than 5000 young Indians, girls as well as men, have entered their names for engineering colleges and schools.

No branch of this profession is overlooked today, however specialised it may be.

For example, before 1951 there were no arrangements of any kind in the country for training in architecture and marine engineering. But in 1957 these subjects have high priority at the Institute of Technology at Kharagpur.

This is the first of a chain of Higher Technological Institutes, four of them already planned, on which the Indian Government is setting such high hopes.



Life through coloured spectacles

A party of girls enjoying a 3-D demonstration of bird-life at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. Colour photographs taken by the staff are arranged in stereo-pairs and projected on a screen while an expert gives a running commentary. The spectacles make the pictures stand out in high relief.

BIRDWATCHING IN THE MIDLANDS

Members of the Birmingham and West Midland Bird Club have erected a watch-hut or gazebo for observing wild duck and other bird visitors to Belvide reservoir, in Staffordshire. Similar watching places may be found at other famous bird-haunts in East Anglia and at the Severn Wildfowl Trust, where the landscape is too wide and open to enable the bird-watcher to approach and stand unnoticed.

In its latest report, the club tells of two cormorants flying over Birmingham University, and how the rare marsh-warbler is increasing its nesting range alongside the Warwickshire Avon, as it steadily spreads northwards up Britain's river-valleys.

Close to some of the workaday manufacturing centres of the English Midlands there are woods and reservoirs where birds of many kinds nest or may be seen resting during their migration. Round three pools at Earlswood, only eight miles south of Birmingham,

146 kinds of bird have been recorded and 37 of them nest regularly there. The pools at Alvecote and Earlswood attract wild swans and wild duck, and Belvide is visited by the goosander.

A yellowhammer taken 20 miles away from a farm hedge in Worcestershire returned in eleven months, a greenfinch returned from 30 miles away in six months, a robin homed ten miles in 45 days, and a great tit came back from three miles the next day. These experiments were made to see how strong was the homing sense among farmland birds during the winter time.

HARVEST AFTER THE FESTIVAL

Wheat, barley, and oats are growing on the site of a bombed church at Lowestoft, Suffolk. They are believed to have come from grain which fell between the floorboards of the church during Harvest Festivals held before the war.

SAGA OF A SCOUT—new picture-version of the life story of the great B-P (14)



Under B-P's inspiration the Scout Movement kept together in wartime and carried out much work of national importance. Sea Scouts acted as Coast Guards to release men for active service. Others helped hospitals, patrolled railway lines, sounded the All Clear after air raids, collected waste paper and salvage. The Scouts also provided refreshment huts and ambulances for the soldiers in France.

Scouting spread to many countries, and in 1920 the first international Jamboree was held at Olympia in London. Some 8000 boys came from many parts of the Commonwealth and from 21 foreign countries. On the last evening B-P appealed to his "Brother Scouts" to help develop peace and happiness in the world. Their answer was to lift him shoulder high and enthusiastically acclaim him Chief Scout of the World.

In 1929 B-P was made Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, but to the boys of many nations whom he met he remained the same informal friend that he had been to the lads of Brownsea Island, years before. To show their appreciation of all he had done for them, the Scouts of the world contributed a penny each, and presented to him a Rolls-Royce car and caravan, soon nicknamed the "Penny Jam-Roll."

B-P's family were all in the Movement. Lady Olave was World Chief Guide, his son, Peter, was a Scout, and his two daughters, Heather and Betty, were Guides. Their home at Pax Hill in Hampshire was known to Scouts of many countries, for visitors were always welcome there. B-P still lived an active life. His favourite hobby was fishing.

How long can B-P devote himself to the movement he created? See next week's concluding instalment

TAKE JENNINGS, FOR INSTANCE

by Anthony Buckeridge

On the day that Dr. Hipkin arrives to present the prizes, Jennings mistakenly believes that his collection of frogs are at large in the school buildings. When Mr. Wilkins hears this, he orders a search. Venables and others misunderstand their orders and collect frogs from a wide area. Meanwhile, Jennings and Darbishire locate Dr. Hipkin, a zoologist, near the school pond and help him to compose his speech for the ceremony.

19. Present for Mr Wilkins

THE prize-giving ceremony was due to begin at half-past two. At ten minutes past the hour a wild-eyed, flustered Mr. Wilkins burst into the masters' common room bearing tidings of woe.

"I say, Carter, this is terrible!" he blurted out to his colleague who was getting ready to attend the function. "Dr. Hipkin has vanished!"

Mr. Carter frowned. "Surely not. His car has been outside on the quad since just after lunch."

"Maybe it has, but the distinguished guest isn't inside—or anywhere else on the premises, so far as I can make out."

At first sight, the Mystery of the Disappearing Scientist contained all the ingredients of a baffling detective story. Dr.

Hipkin had been seen to arrive; reliable witnesses had watched him alight from his car and make his way round the corner of the building. But from that moment onwards his movements were unknown, and a search of the building had failed to provide any clue to his whereabouts. And with the prize-giving ceremony due to start in twenty minutes it was small wonder that Mr. Pemberton-Oakes was pacing his study like a caged tiger demanding to know what had become of his distinguished guest.

Horrificing situation

"I tell you I'm just about sick of the whole business!" Mr. Wilkins finished up when he had recounted the facts. "I've had enough of chasing round the school after disappearing scientists—to say nothing of sending the boys chasing round the school after disappearing frogs!"

Mr. Carter raised a puzzled eyebrow. "Disappearing frogs? I'm afraid I don't follow."

A shadow of anguish passed across Mr. Wilkins' face as he recalled the horrificing situation he had been obliged to cope with directly after lunch.

"Believe it or not, Carter, that silly little boy, Jennings, had a collection of fledgling tadpoles in the common room yesterday afternoon!"

"Yes, I know. I saw them."

"Well, what you don't know is that the miserable reptiles hatched out into frogs during the night and escaped all over the school. I've got Venables and Temple and several other boys looking for them at this very moment!"

A suspicion flashed into Mr. Carter's mind that his colleague was barking up the wrong tree. "What makes you so sure they've escaped?" he asked.

"I've got eyes!" Mr. Wilkins



The three members of the staff wheeled round in unison

retorted. "I saw them in the tank yesterday, and when I went in there after lunch today they'd all gone!"

Mr. Carter tut-tutted gently. "Oh, yes, they'd gone all right; but not of their own accord," he explained. "The Head thought they were unsightly, and on his orders I told Robinson to remove them before Dr. Hipkin arrived."

"What!" The room swam before Mr. Wilkins' eyes. He rocked on his heels and leaned heavily against the book-case for support. "You mean to say . . . ! And there was I organising frog-hunting parties left, right, and centre. Dash it all, Carter, you might have told me!" Muttering darkly, he sank into an armchair and ran his fingers distractedly through his hair.

Mr. Carter refused to regard the matter as a major tragedy. "Don't look so hot and bothered about it, Wilkins," he advised. "Surely you can stop worrying now you know that there aren't really any frogs on the premises after all!"

He spoke too soon. For at that moment a knock sounded on the staff room door and Temple and Bromwich marched into the room carrying a large cardboard box with holes pierced in the lid.

"Please, sir, we've brought you some frogs," Temple announced proudly.

"F-f-frogs!" Mr. Wilkins shot from his chair like a rocket from its launching base.

"Yes, sir. A whole boxful. Do we get a reward, sir?" Bromwich chimed in. "We found them in the ditch behind the cricket nets, sir."

Mr. Wilkins appeared to be in the grip of some powerful emotion. "Doh! Take them away at once, you silly little boys!" he moaned. "I didn't say I wanted any frogs. I said you were to catch the ones that had got loose in the building!"

Temple looked puzzled. "Which ones would those be, sir?" he queried.

"I—I . . . There weren't any, as it happened."

"But if there weren't any, sir, why did you ask us to catch them?"

"Oh, go away, both of you, and take those repulsive reptiles with you!" Mr. Wilkins cried in exasperation.

Disappointed, the boys withdrew, but no sooner had their footsteps died away along the corridor than another knock sounded on the staff room door.

Bag of frogs

This time the visitors were Venables and Atkinson. From the throbbing movements going on inside the cricket bag they carried, it was clear that their hunt behind the pavilion had yielded good results.

"Please, sir, we've brought some frogs for Mr. Wilkins," Atkinson said, beaming from ear to ear with a sense of duty nobly done.

A squawk of protest broke from the lips of the outraged duty master. Incapable of speech, he flung his arms upwards and marked time upon the hearthrug, and it was left to Mr. Carter to explain that the gift was unacceptable.

"But Mr. Wilkins told us, sir," Venables protested. "He said . . ."

"Maybe he did," Mr. Carter broke in. "But that doesn't alter the fact that he no longer wishes you, or anyone else, to bring any more frogs to the staff room."

"Yes, sir," Venables heaved a sigh of frustration. A little sulkily he asked: "Well, what shall I do with them, sir?"

"Let them go again, of course."

"Yes, sir." The boy stooped to pick up the cricket bag, and Mr. Wilkins, mistaking his intentions, was galvanised into a shout of protest.

"No, no, no! Not in here, you silly little boy! Take them back where you found them!"

Shock for the headmaster

As they were about to leave, Atkinson was struck by a sudden thought. "Had we better go and tell the rest of the chaps to stop collecting, sir?" Practically every one in Form III is going round the cricket field today to find some for you, sir!"

"Oh, my goodness," Atkinson murmured, "indications passed through Mr. Wilkins' power . . . frame. 'If any more boys come knocking at the door to bring me unsolicited offerings of frogs, I will . . .'"

His words died away as another tap sounded on the staff room door. Livid with anger, he crossed the room in three strides determined to put an end, once and for all, to these infuriating visitations.

"Now look here!" he shouted, hurling the door open. "I've just about had enough . . ."

The stream of protest ceased abruptly. For the latest visitor was M. W. B. Pemberton-Oakes, Esq., M.A., Headmaster.

There was a moment of pained silence. Then, as the headmaster's

THE CONWAYS ARE COMING

eyebrows slowly sank to their normal level, Mr. Wilkins stammered: "I'm terribly sorry, H. M. I didn't know it was you. I was—er—I was expecting some frogs."

The eyebrows rose again. "Frogs, Wilkins?"

"Well, you see, I've just been brought two batches and I thought you were the third frog-former—er—I mean, a third former—that is . . ."

This was hardly the moment. Mr. Pemberton-Oakes felt, to listen to a rambling account of the hobbies of Form III. "Really, Wilkins, I cannot waste another moment discussing frog-formers—er—third formers and their frogs. Will you kindly inform me

immediately where Dr. Hipkin is?"

Mr. Wilkins spread his hands in a gesture of despair. "I'm sorry, H. M. I haven't been able to find him."

"But this is ridiculous! Do you realise . . . ?"

"Oh, sir, please, sir," Venables interrupted urgently.

"Be quiet, boy!" ordered the headmaster.

"But, sir, I know where he is, sir. I've seen him."

The three members of the staff wheeled round in unison.

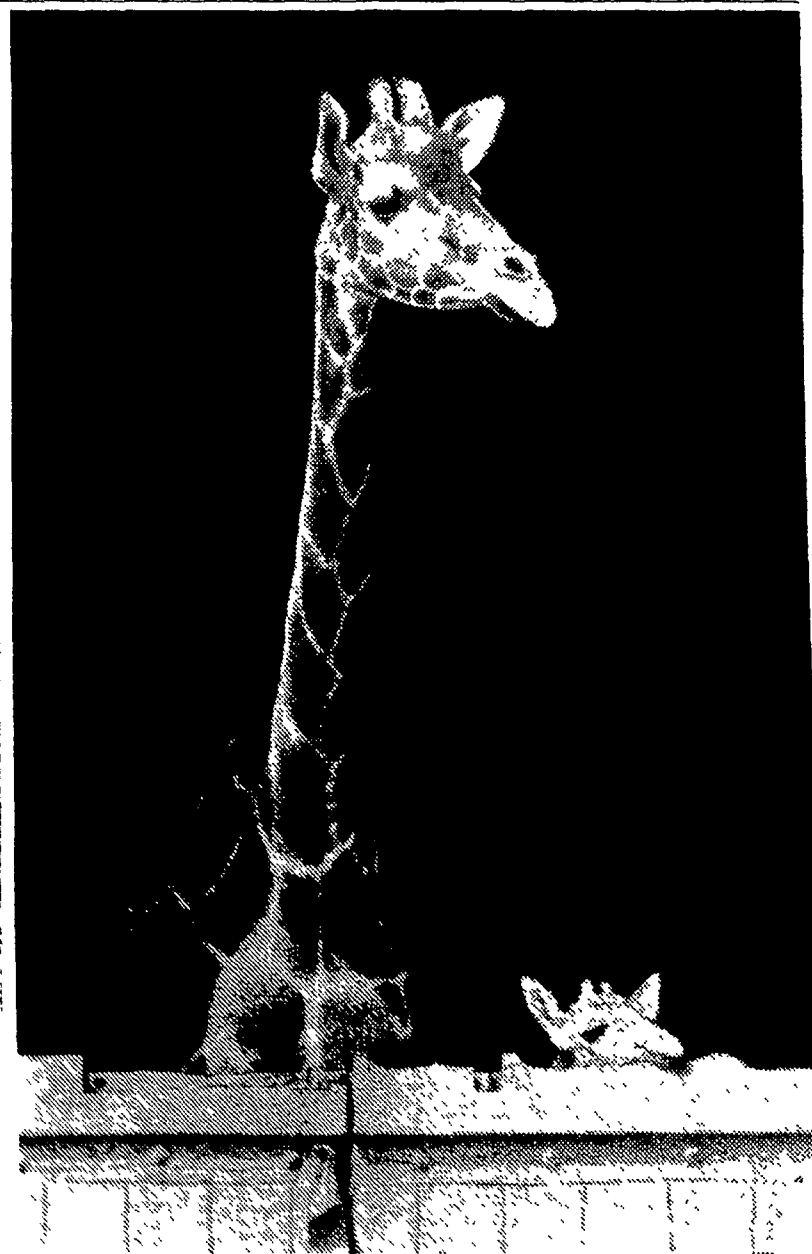
"Where?" they chorused.

"Down by the pond, sir. We saw him talking to Jennings and Darbishire as we came round by the pavilion, didn't we, Atkinson?"

His friend nodded in agreement. "Yes, sir. I think Jennings went down there to collect some frogs for Mr. Wilkins. But, of course, now he doesn't want them we can add them to the Natural History Club's collection, can't we?"

The headmaster winced and drew in his breath sharply. "Judging from what I have heard, Atkinson, this Natural History Club has already caused such chaos and consternation that I have no intention of allowing it to be carried on any longer!" Impatiently he turned to his flustered assistant. "Come along, Wilkins. We must go down to the pond to find Dr. Hipkin without a moment's delay!"

See next week's concluding instalment



"I wonder what's going on over there?"

Grumpy is the kind of giraffe called reticulated (with net-like markings) and she has just presented the London Zoo with a baby. Junior's neck is scarcely long enough, yet, to give a view over a stable door so, for the present, there is no question of seeing eye to eye with mother.

SPORTS SHORTS

SIXTY-FOUR years ago Rosslyn Park became the first Rugby Union club to visit France. So it is not inappropriate that the French Ambassador has been invited to open the club's new pavilion on September 12 and that a XV from Auvergne should play a game there.

Several other London clubs are spending considerable money on their grounds. Chief among these is Richmond, whose main stand was burnt to the ground during the Horse Show held there. In December work on a new stand will begin at a cost of £30,000.

Hole in one

COLIN VINCENT, a schoolboy of East Dereham, Norfolk, has holed out in one at the 111 yards third hole at Dereham Golf Course. He has a handicap of 14.

THE last cricket benefit match of the season will be played at Bournemouth this week, when Hampshire meet Northants. Wicket-keeper Leo Harrison is the player honoured. One of the few first-class cricketers who wear glasses, he comes from Mudeford, near Bournemouth, and made his debut with Hampshire in 1939, although not until 1951 did he gain a regular first team position. During his career, he has scored more than 7000 runs and dismissed over 350 batsmen from behind the stumps.

COLIN EDWARDS, the eleven-year-old boy who scored 40 bullseyes in 40 shots at Bisley last month, has been selected to represent Gloucestershire in the Inter-County Cup next month. He is the youngest marksman ever to receive this distinction.

UNIVERSITY students from all parts of the world, including Russia, are gathering in Paris for this year's Students' Games to be held from August 31 to September 8. Britain is sending a strong team, but there are likely to be some notable absentees, for another British team is due to meet Poland in Warsaw on September 7.

U.S. racing boat for Britain

THE racing shell in which Yale University won the Olympic eights last year has been bought by the Amateur Rowing Association.

The A.R.A. plans to lend the boat, complete with its oars, to rowing clubs in this country so they can try it out. The boat differs from the usual design in this country in that its bow and stern sweeps up out of the water, instead of running through it. British boat builders will also be invited to study the construction of the boat.

For league cricket

ALTHOUGH the West Indian Test team is not due to play in this country for several more years, a number of players will be seen in action in the Midlands next year. Five of the present touring party have signed contracts to play next summer. They are Weekes (Bacup), Sobers (Radcliffe), Smith (Burnley), Worrell (Norton), and Gilchrist (Middleton).

A NYLON cover is being used by the M.C.C. to protect the wicket from rain at Lord's.

Long jump hints

Former long-jump champion, Shirley Cawley has some useful hints to pass on to young Pauline Dorell of Croydon Harriers.

DIANA WILKINSON, the 13-year-old Stockport schoolgirl swimmer, recently became the first British woman to break the "one-minute barrier" for 100 yards free-style. She broke her own record with a time of 59.3 seconds. Her progress this season has been remarkable, and Diana must be one of our brightest prospects for the future.

Meanwhile, in Australia, 19-year-old Dawn Fraser is hoping to become the first woman in the world to swim 100 metres in less than one minute. She holds the world 100 yards record at 55.5 seconds, but is still outside the minute for the longer distance. Diana Wilkinson and Dawn Fraser are likely to meet at the Empire Games in Cardiff next year.

SPORTING GALLERY

GODFREY EVANS

London-born, Godfrey Evans first played for England in 1946. The match was against India at the Oval and rain caused its abandonment on the third day. The following winter he went to Australia, where he took over from Paul Gibb in the second Test.

Since then he has held the position without serious challenge and has played with distinction in all parts of the cricket world. It is strange that Kent should have provided England with her two greatest wicket-keepers of modern times, for Leslie Ames had a long run behind the stumps in pre-war years.

Godfrey Evans is the only man of that Australian match still in Test cricket; though several remain in the County game.

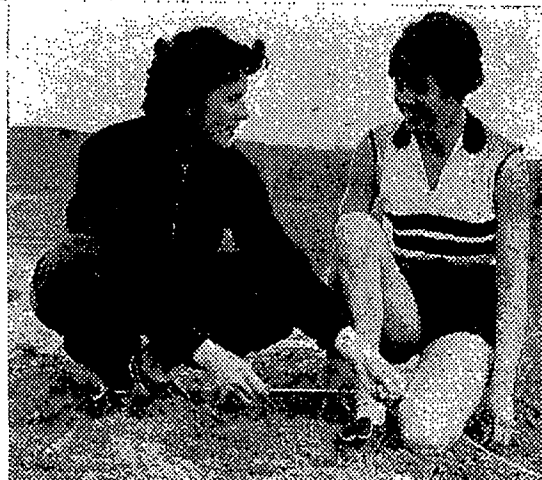


Walker Cup

THIS weekend, Britain's amateur golfers will be challenging the Americans for the Walker Cup, at Minneapolis. This trophy is contested every two years, alternately in Britain and the States, but our golfers have won the cup on only one occasion—in 1938, at St. Andrews. Gerald Micklem is the British captain, and among the eleven players are three young golfers who have only recently entered the top class of amateur golf—A. F. Bussell, who is 20; A. E. Shepperton, a year older; and Michael Bonallack, aged 22.

Strong man

Now that John Savidge has decided to retire from shot-put competition, 20-year-old Arthur Rowe should come right into his own. This 15-stone miner from Rotherham, probably the strongest man in British athletics, has been among the records this season, and Geoff Dyson, the chief national coach, is confident that he will reach 60 feet before the 1960 Olympics. Arthur Rowe is so keen on his sport that he regularly makes the long journey from Yorkshire to London for weekly coaching by Geoff Dyson.



LAW BEFORE WICKET

A London Solicitor, Mr. Joseph W. Goldman, is preparing a "Lawyers' Wisden" for private circulation. (Wisden's Almanack is the famous cricket handbook.)

A cricket enthusiast from boyhood, he has one of the finest private collections of cricket literature in the country. But he feels there is something specially missing—the cricketing record of the Law.

The doctors, in W. G. Grace, can claim one of the greatest players of all. The Church has its David Sheppard today, and had its Frank Gillingham, who played for Essex half a century ago. The theatre, the Army, and the business world—brokers and bankers, merchants

and manufacturers—have given many a first-class bowler and batsman to the Top Counties. But where are the lawyers?

Mr. Michael Falcon, Cambridge University captain in Edward VII's day, is a barrister. But although he captained Norfolk, his home county, for many years, he never sought to qualify outside the Minor Counties. And others seem hard to find.

So Mr. Goldman has written this month to the Law Society's Gazette asking its readers about their own cricketing laurels.

But it looks as if the Law will turn out to be, in cricket rating, only one of the Minor Counties.

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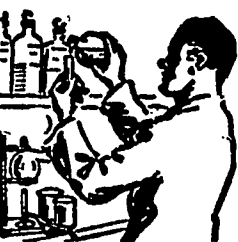
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The Children's Newspaper, August 31, 1957

NEWS FROM THE ZOO

RUSTY THE ELEPHANT IS FORCED TO RETIRE

LONDON Zoo officials have had a weighty problem on their hands. It concerns the future of Rusty, the 16-year-old, 2½-ton Indian elephant, who is no longer considered fit for riding duty. While out for exercise one morning two years ago, Rusty turned too suddenly and damaged a leg joint. She was later taken to the Royal Veterinary College at Camden Town, where X-ray photographs were taken. Various courses of treatment were prescribed, but none of them have been really effective.

So Rusty, halted in mid-career, is to go permanently on the "retired" list.

Officials wondered at first if they should try to sell the elephant. She is valued at £1000, but as Mr. Oliver Jones, curator of mammals, told me: "Who would want to buy an elephant incapable of work?"

FOR SHOW ONLY

So although it costs a lot of money to feed an elephant, Rusty will remain as a "show animal." "Fortunately," said Mr. Jones, "she gets along very well with her paddock companion, Dicksi, the African elephant, who has never been trained for riding."

Rusty came to the Zoo in 1951 from Ceylon. Until she was injured she was a regular worker on the "ride." But during the last two years she has had several long spells off work. Luckily, the Zoo still has two other riding elephants, though both are rather young. One is eight-year-old Dumbo, the other, five-year-old Lakshmi.

Some lively new arrivals in the Gardens are 33 Lesser Egyptian gerbils (small desert rats). They are a gift from Dr. Harry Hoogstraal, director of the Department of Zoology at the U.S. Naval

Medical Research Unit in Cairo. And they are particularly welcome, for the species had not been represented in the collection for some years.

"The gerbils are fairly common in Egyptian desert country," an official told me. "But we certainly had not expected Dr. Hoogstraal to send so many. However, we now hope to create a permanent colony of these interesting rodents, and they will be allotted special quarters at the rodent house, carpeted with rocks and sand."

"There are many varieties of these elegant and fascinating little desert rats in existence. We have exhibited most of them here at one time or another. And we have bred them on many occasions. About the size of small rats, the gerbils have soft, sandy-coloured coats and large, beady black eyes."

"Luckily, they are among the animals which readily change their diet when they come to London. In their desert haunts they live mainly on beetles and other hard-skinned insects. We give them lettuce and canary seed. An odd thing about these rodents is that they do not drink," the official added. "They obtain the little moisture they require from the lettuce."

DEATH OF GOLIATH

The Zoo has just lost its largest snake, Goliath, the 25-foot Malayan reticulated python, who has been found dead in his reptile house den. Goliath had not been well recently. He had a stomach complaint, for which the doctors were giving him treatment.

His loss is a big one for the Zoo, for although not tame, this outsize python was a first-rate "show animal."

Goliath came to the menagerie

ten years ago. The Zoo bought him from the collector, Mr. Wilfred Frost, on his return from his first post-war expedition to Malaya. Goliath was then about 18 feet long. At the last stocktaking, officials valued him at £100. His death leaves the menagerie with two other reticulated pythons, one 15 feet long, the other eight feet. The biggest snake now in the collection is an African python which measures 17 feet.

In friendly rivalry to see which can be first to breed the rhinoceros in captivity in Britain, Whipsnade Zoo looks like beating the London Zoo. The London pair are the African white rhinos, Bebe and Ben, but they are not yet—so far as experts can tell—expecting the arrival of a youngster.

CALF FOR MOHINI?

Whipsnade officials, on the other hand, are much more optimistic concerning their pair of Indian rhinos, 12-year-old Mohan and nine-year-old Mohini. In fact, they feel so sure that Mohini will produce a calf this autumn that they have already separated her from her partner and are keeping her as quiet as possible.

"She spends most of her time lying up in a shed and we hope to be able to announce a 'happy event' within the next few weeks," said an official. "If all goes as we anticipate, the calf will be our most important birth for a long time."

"The main reason that rhinos have not yet been bred in this country may well be that it has very seldom happened that a pair of these scarce animals of suitable age have been in captivity together," the official added.

The last rhinoceros bred in Europe was the one born last year at the Frankfurt Zoo in Germany.

CRAVEN HILL



Lively little llamas from Whipsnade

Baby llamas arrive in various shades from white to black, as can be judged from this little trio, born recently at Whipsnade.



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CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH

TEACHER: "You look very white, Phyllis. Are you ill?"

Phyllis: "No, miss. This morning my Mother washed my face for me."

SPOT THE . . .

DRAGONFLIES as they dart swiftly over ponds and streams, or rest motionless on bushes or aquatic plants. There are between 40 and 50 species of these beautiful insects in Britain.



The family Agrionidae contains the smallest kinds.

They are the fragile creatures often seen clinging to reeds and rushes. Some people mistake them for baby dragonflies. Take a close look. They are quite harmless, as are all our dragonflies. The slender body is usually striped with black and one other colour, often red or blue.

These tiny insects, like their larger cousins, are greatly feared by other insects.

TONGUE TWISTER

SAY three times quickly: Thirty-six thick socks.

WILLING HELPER

A MOTORIST pulled up in a narrow Yorkshire lane and asked an elderly man the way to Bentham.

"Bentham," repeated the old man. "I've heard tell on it, but I dunno how to get there."

"Thanks," murmured the motorist, and drove on. A few seconds later, glancing in his mirror, he saw the man waving frantically. By him stood another elderly man, and hoping to get directions, the motorist backed a hundred yards along the lane.

"This here's my old pal, George," were the words that greeted him. "He don't know the way to Bentham neither."

CHANGE THE NAMES

CAN you change these boys' names into girls' names by altering one letter?

MARK, SAM, BILL, GUY, JOHN, AUBREY.

STRANGE SUM

ADD to the number of blackbirds baked in a pie the amount saved by a stitch in time. Divide this by the number of men in a cricket team, and multiply this by the number of fiddlers old King Cole had. What is the answer?

Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS.—1 A big gun. 5 Thus. 7 Avoids. 9 Used for holding meat together. 10 Bury. 12 Twenty cwt. 14 Pasteboard, often bearing person's name. 15 Languish. 16 Health resort. 17 To move in waves. 18 Small. 20 Stretches or strains. 21 Donkey. 22 To plait.

READING DOWN.—1 Comedians. 2 Unclothed. 3 Above. 4 Fresh. 5 Sturdy. 6 Out-size. 8 Go to bed. 9 Makes a great effort. 11 Italian city. 13 Sew with it. 15 Heart-beat. 17 Dish of meat and vegetables. 19 Theosophical Society. 20 Thanks!

Answer next week

QUEENLINESS

MY Mother has no throne or lands

And yet she is a Queen.
Her loving subjects are my Dad,
Myself and baby Jean.
She's neither jewels around her throat,
Nor on her head a crown,
But oh, she has the sweetest face.
And never wears a frown.

I used to think that only wealth
Could make a Queen or King.
But now I know that goodness counts

As much as anything;
And Mother is a Queen to us.
I'm sure that this is so,
Especially since yesterday.
When Daddy told her so!

SOUND REASON

"AM I going in the right direction to reach Farmer Robinson?" a motorist inquired of an old man at a cottage door.

"You are," was the quick reply.
"He lives about two miles up the lane—but there can't be anybody at home just now or you'd hear their radio."

Home for Cats

Mr. and Mrs. Cadby of Morden, Surrey, have a home for stray cats at the end of their garden. Here we see a young friend, Lorraine Howard, being a good neighbour to some of the "guests."

WHAT AM I ?

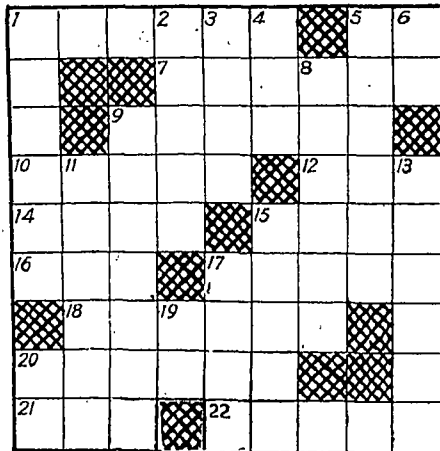
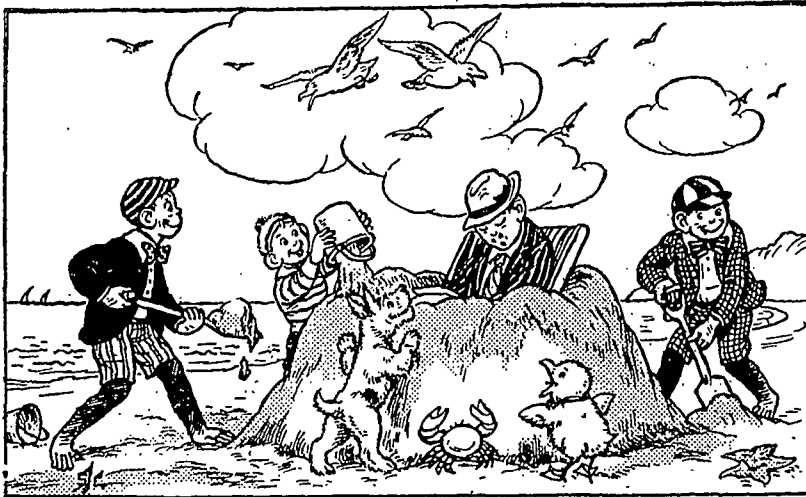
Can you find the word which is spelt in this verse?

A SWITCHBACK, half a circle,
Three straight lines, and circles two.

With two straight lines then added,
Make a place well known to you.

CHANGING FOOTWEAR

CAN you change SHOE into BOOT in three steps, changing one letter at a time, and forming a proper word at each step?

**JACKO AND CHIMP—HAPPY AS SANDBOYS**

The day was hot, the sea calm, the chair comfortable—and Adolphus found it easy to nod. Then Jacko and Chimp saw him. "He looks set for the night," said Chimp. "Yes," agreed Jacko, "but the tide will turn soon. Let's build a wall of sand to stop the sea getting him wet." So build a wall they did. Poor Adolphus. When he woke he got that "shut-in feeling." But soon our heroes had that "hunted feeling"—Adolphus had guessed the culprits and had begun the search for them!

BEDTIME TALE**THE SECRET OF STEPHEN STARLING**

"WHAT is Stephen doing now?" the young Starlings called to one another as they perched in the garden trees pecking the ripening plums. For there was their leader hopping round in circles by the edge of the concrete path.

"I know. He is dancing," said one presently. "I wonder why?"

So they all flew down on the lawn, and danced madly. But all that happened was that they got out of breath. Then they decided to ask Stephen why he was dancing.

"That's my secret," he said with a chuckle.

And now he began to do exercises all up and down the path. He spread his wings forward over his breast, bent his tail sideways, banged his beak on the path, then poked it first under one wing, then under the other.

The young Starlings were very puzzled. "Anyway, let us do it, too, then maybe we will find out the secret," they said.

So they spread their wings, bent their tails, then poked under their wings. But all that happened was that some fell over.

Back to Stephen they ran, and asked him again. Still all he would say was: "That's my secret." Then he shook himself, and started doing everything again.

"Let us watch more carefully

before we copy him," suggested one.

At last they saw that ants were crawling on the path beside Stephen. And that, after dancing with joy, he was lifting his wing and tail feathers so that he could pick up ants and pop them quickly among his plumage there. So they did this, too.

Then they discovered his secret. For the ants began cleaning away at once all the tickly bits in their plumage. And when they shook themselves, as he did, out fell the ants with their job well done.

JANE THORNICROFT

HOUSE FOR MOUSE

MILLICENT Mouse built a dear little house
Down by the side of a stream.
The walls were of cheese, and the roof, if you please,
She fashioned from pink ice-cream!

Millicent Mouse for her dear little house
Sewed curtains of bacon rind.

She'd a snug little bed made of sweet gingerbread—
The nicest that she could find!

Millicent Mouse in her dear little house
Was happy as she could be.

Until one sad day, a bad elf came that way
And ate up the house for tea!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Strange sum. Nine

What am I? SCHOOL

Change the names. Mary, Pam, Jill, Gay, Joani, Audrey

One letter difference. Petrol, petrol; Tyre, tyre; Owe, ewe; Miner, minor

Start with TUR. Turban, turkey, turret, turcen, turnip, turquoise, turmoil

Changing footwear. Shoe, shot, soot, boot

JUST A FEW WORDS

1. B. *Claudestine* means secret; concealed or hidden. (From Latin *clandestinus*.)

2. C. An artisan is a handicraftsman or mechanic; one occupied in any industrial art. (A French word, from Latin *artis*, of art.)

3. C. *Bellicose* means war-like, aggressive (From Latin *bellicosus*—*bellum*, war.)

4. A. *Capricious* means changeable. A caprice is a change of humour or opinion without reason. (From French *caprice* and Italian *capriccio*.)

5. C. *Ambidextrous* means able to use both hands equally well. (From Latin *ambi*, on both sides, and *dexter*, right.)

6. A. *Colloquial* means pertaining to or used in common conversation. (From Latin *colloquium*; *col-*, with, and *loqui*, to speak.)



Palm

island competition

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